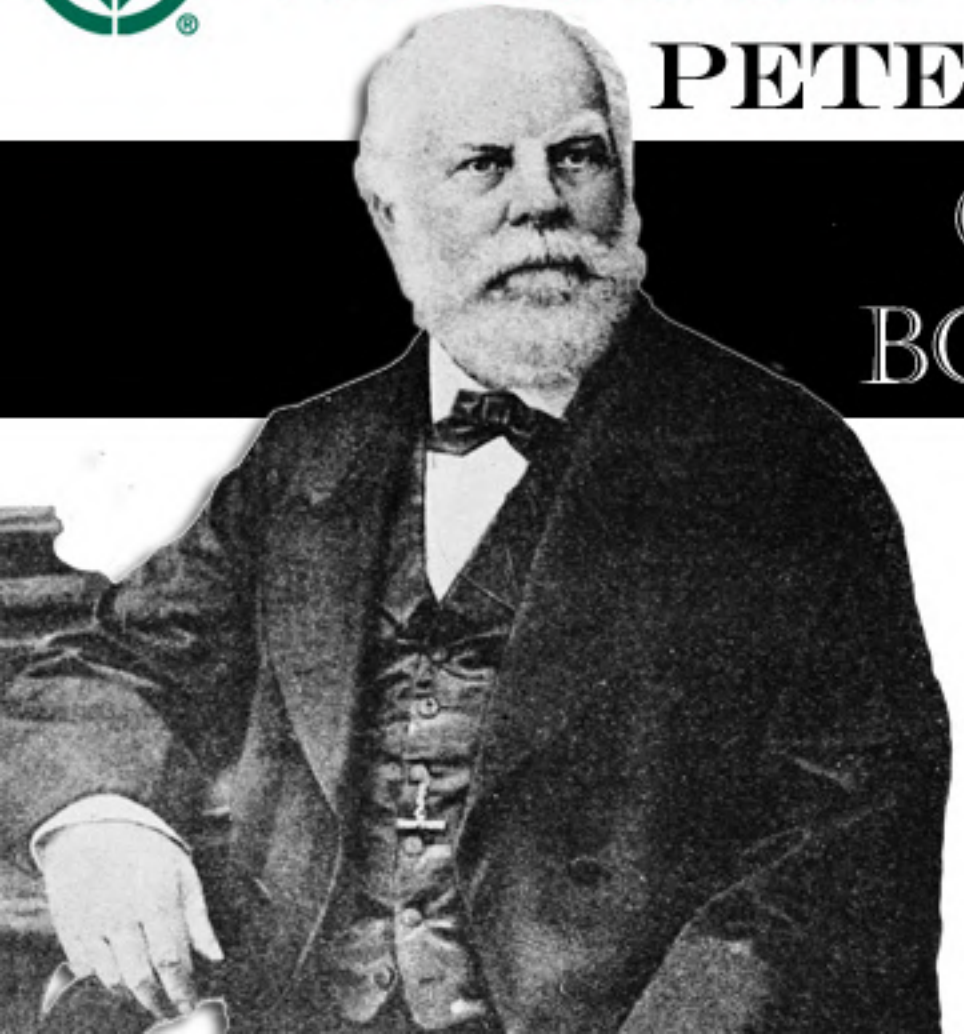
Missouri Botanical Garden

Peter H. Raven Library

George Engelmann Botanical Notebooks



Pagination Note:
Since many of the items lack a specific page number, the page number displayed online refers to the sequentially created number each item was given upon cataloging the materials.

oaks, for, as before remarked — the Summer winters made them push out before their time & the young foliage getting well advanced was utterly killed in April (?) — Then the work had to be done all over & many trees were not equal to the task & were dead for the rest of the year. In young leaves — many falcatas & Catesbaeis thus. In one of Catesbaei I noticed the lower & shortest branches with perfect leaves — the other ones with young "aneslet" ones. But you will find to this condition — but not upon the whole of course did you? Upon some of the branches you will observe the laurifolia leaves with obovate-cordate tips. Perhaps next year it will show all the features of 2. Cinerea Catesb. I state yesterday in the most dogged manner to you that Cinerea has no lobes there — better Aquatica or laurifolia!!! Acorns smaller than in the other hybrid — but that is nothing it is an older & taller tree. I'm somewhat disappointed — thought I had a new mares nest to show you — but I'm glad anyhow to find another Sinuata (?). I send new parcel now and not the other shs alluded to in my letter.

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6200

Acc'n Dec 2d

29 Nov 76

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Dr Sir, — Inclosed I send writing another letter for which I received this morning. I hope this is the last time I shall trouble you to pay that debt. I have examined that oak referred to — sending a boy up to the top of setting pole for from every portion. I can find but two leaves, one from long shoots & the largest from base of tree, which had been cut off this summer. I was in hopes this was only a hurry! this no Laurifolia at all (as even the acorns will show) but only as I now think another form of the same hybrid which you call Cinereo Catesbæi — (Sinuata). This is a poor year to judge with accuracy about

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Aug 2d 1876

But I am going to try and make amends for my haste or slip-shod thinking and writing, by sending you another hybrid (?) oak wh I have just come across! I was coming out of a poor sick darkey's door when I saw several fragments of little branches of an oak wh had been thrown off of the tree in the late blow. I supposed it to be Q. laurifolia from one or two of the leaves — others resembling the younger & lobed state of that tree. I looked round for the tree & then it was just back of the house (on the corner) — A large and handsome tree — about fifty feet high — & in the right of it an equally fine & perfect Q. laurifolia — perfect as to leaves, on the left a large & perfect Q. falcata — like oaks & hickories all around — & this quercist looking oak as tall as any of them just in the midst. I have not been able to get a boy yet to climb it but I send specs wh I found at base & wh I am sure came from the tree as I have been able to see the leaves dis-

6201

-tinctly while looking up at the branches. It at first said it is. but Q. laurifolia quite agreed in its "antlered" foliage in act of the summer winter. 1st the killing ice of Mts a apy (stripping the foliage) — then the new leaves wh were antlered — just in that state of juvenility — same thing or several times — especially Calest & falcata. Then I said no! it is a hybrid of Q. laurifol ∧ falcata. then hybrid " " " ∧ Calest. then only falcata with "antlers" foliage — but the under surface of leaves says no! that, then Calest only with antlers' foliage — but the back ∧ across say no to that! Back very much like Q. laurifolia ∧ simpson, also a little more seamed ~~also a seam the var of falcata~~. Across not like Q. laurifolia (picked up under tree — perfectly genuine I think) but like Q. falcata rather and that like. ~~Will~~ Hope to send you shs from tree. when I shall time will read over yr notes and one a few things I believe I can't say. will do what you wish about Q. Todaro. Cotton seed awfully mixed here — whites don't plant — "misses" unit "select"; ∧ of course it degenerates — ; Cinereo falcata did not mature a single acorn!!! Ry but m Dr Hm

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Sinfonia 337-40

total ignorance of the business part of their enterprise. A *Kunstreise* of such magnitude as the one now projected must be conducted on business laws as strict as the laws of music itself. An orchestra is a large and, when in incompetent hands, an unwieldy affair to manage. A number of concerts were given in London, but while the applause was liberal, the financial results were far from satisfactory. The performances given were three *matineés* at the Princess' Theater, two concerts in Hanover square, two in Crosby Hall, and eight promenade concerts, together with numerous private entertainments which were often very enjoyable. The most memorable among these latter was a *soirée* given at the magnificent villa of the Messrs. Baring Brothers, where numerous celebrated operatic stars took part, including Grisi, Garcia, Alboni, Mario, and Tamburini. The invited guests were from the highest circles, and the new orchestra obtained a large share of the applause. The Duke of Cambridge, himself an amateur on the violin, was particularly interested in this department of the orchestra, turning the leaves for the first violins, and calling the attention of the entire company to the performance of the orchestral pieces. Other prominent occasions wherein the Germanians took part seemed to be gradually directing the public attention more and more to their merits, and it is quite possible that they might have remained and done well in London during the succeeding season. But the charms of distance and of novelty; the never-ebbing tide of golden rumor that was now beating constantly against the shores of the old world, lured our young musicians more and more strongly to the new. To the United States they were bound, and to the United States they sailed as aforesaid.

The passage must be called, we suppose, a "speedy and prosperous voyage," as it occupied only fifty-eight days. They reached New York on the 28th of September, and on the 5th of October they gave their first performance in America at Niblo's "Opera-House."

It would be difficult to attempt a description of the condition of musical affairs in America at that period, which would be intelligible to one who knows only the standard of the present. Very few celebrated *virtuosi*, either singers or instrumentalists, had yet visited the "States." Even the opera was almost a novelty, although at this very period Madame Laborde, with a meager troupe, was performing in New York. Jenny Lind, who occasioned the earliest general furore in regard to music, did not arrive until nearly three years later. There was not even a decent opera-house in America. Dingy theaters and barren public halls were the sole provision made for accommodating public gatherings.

The condition of orchestral music was even still lower than vocal. Twenty-three years earlier, when that greatest of all music teachers, Manuel Garcia, with his young daughter, afterward Malibran, the greatest of all dramatic singers, essayed the first Italian opera ever given in America, it is related that he was so maddened by the shocking style in which the second finale to "Don Giovanni" was rendered by the orchestra, that he rushed to the foot-lights, sword in hand, and indignantly compelled them to play it over. In the long interval there had been little or no opportunity for orchestral music to improve. The only intervening opera company, that of the Woods, in 1840, could have done very little to advance its condition, and the Steyermark band, which came over under the conductorship of Riha, in 1846, scarcely gave a whole season's performances before it was disbanded.

The advent of the Germania, therefore, an orchestra which, although small in numbers, was almost complete in its various parts, and composed of really fine performers, was indeed something of a musical wonder. But there was another feature of this enterprise which was altogether without a parallel in the history of American musical enterprises. The public taste at that day, in such matters as music, the drama, and fine arts generally, was almost entirely founded on foreign choice and reputation. The few great artists who had ventured so far, came here with the thickly woven laurels of the Old World on their brows. Then, in addition to this, a soloist is always more of an attraction to the average mass of pleasure seekers than any combination. When, therefore, we consider that the "Germania" was organized especially for the American "market," that it came here with no foreign reputation clinging to it, either as a whole, or in any of its members, such an enterprise argues not only great faith in the sound, good taste of the American people, but an equally firm consciousness of the strength and thoroughness of its own organization.

The first concert in New York, above mentioned, was, in an artistic point of view, highly successful. The few who could ap-

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preciate the refined and sterling selections given, were delighted at hearing them rendered in a manner greatly superior to anything hitherto known. From the 9th of October to the 15th of November sixteen concerts were given at the "Tabernacle," in New York, and four in Brooklyn. The form and quality of the programmes selected were even thus early fixed upon, and, we believe, rarely afterward abandoned. They contained always a couple of good overtures; parts or the whole of a symphony; two solos; while the rest of the selections were of a more popular character.

This series of concerts created much interest among the real music-lovers of New York, but pecuniarily they brought nothing, the receipts often falling considerably below the expenses. This was partly owing to the fact that the exciting political events which followed the Mexican war, and preceded the election of General Taylor, were then at their height. At the close of the series a complimentary benefit was tendered to the orchestra by a number of resident musicians and amateurs, and the event called together the first and only crowded house of the season. This concert took place at the Tabernacle on the 11th of November, and a number of vocal and instrumental soloists, then popular, assisted, including Madame Otto, Mrs. Horn, Messrs. Timm and Scharfenberg, and Signor De Begnis. The performance throughout pleased amazingly, and its success served to revive the drooping spirits of the members. The gleam of light, however, was of brief duration. Before the close of the month, two other orchestras arrived from Europe, each with a reputation already established. One, the "Saxonia," was of fair ability, while the other was no less than the famous orchestra of Joseph Gungl, from Berlin, out of which their own forces had been largely recruited. The Germania Society was now almost bare of finances. The first excitement over its arrival was already subsiding, and the members felt themselves in no condition to compete with these formidable rivals.

About the end of the month they went to Philadelphia on the invitation of a gentleman from that city, who had heard them play in New York, and who defrayed either the whole or a part of the expense of the trip. But in Philadelphia they were no less unfortunate, and their arrival was in the highest degree ill-timed. Madame Laborde, with the Italian opera company we have already mentioned, much more popular from its novelty than for intrinsic excellence, was just then in the city, and in the full tide of success. The wild excitement which was created by the discovery of the California gold mines, the intensity of which many comparatively young readers may still recall, was just now beginning to agitate the public mind. Altogether, the prospect seemed far from propitious.

The first concern of the members was to provide themselves with such quarters as their waning resources would permit. They engaged board at the "White Swan Hotel," then in Race street, above Third, at the certainly moderate rate of three dollars per week for each member. In order to introduce themselves more readily to the notice of the public, the society engaged the Musical Fund Hall and sent invitations to members of the press, and a large number of the most prominent musicians, music-teachers and amateurs, residing in the city.

This first performance in Philadelphia took place on the afternoon of December 4th. Its result, as well as that of the succeeding concerts, was pretty much the same story over again. Artistic success, immense; pecuniary success, infinitesimal. Four concerts were given at Musical Fund Hall, and the losses at each were so serious, that to lessen the expenses the much smaller hall of the Chinese Museum, at Ninth and Chestnut streets, was engaged. Two more concerts followed in that locality, and still, when the poor fellows undertook to figure up the results, the only figures that stared them in the face were ciphers. In a moment of desperation, they abandoned the Museum, as they had already abandoned the Musical Fund, hired a melancholy room, then known as "Arch Street Hall," and advertised a series of "Promenade Concerts," to begin on January 1st, 1849. The rent of this spacious and imposing structure was to be ten dollars per night, and on this eventful New-Year's Evening, after waiting patiently for the most persistent late-comer to arrive, the receipts amounted to nine dollars and a-half. In the middle of the concert, the worthy proprietor of the hall, taking advantage perhaps of the title given to the entertainments, himself appeared on the "promenade" and announced to the unhappy musicians that unless the ten dollars rent was forthcoming, then and there, he would turn off the gas. The despairing members one and all, with the utmost possible promptness and unanimity, desired him to "turn it off," and so ended the first and last of the "Promenade Concerts."

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octob 1873

Why is this not Quercus sinuata Walt?

H. Car. p. 235 DC Prod. 16.2.74 nro 148.

"Foliis sinuatis lacuribus obtusis supra pallidis subtus subglaucis cupula subplana glande globosa mediorri."

The specimen is referred by D Mueller to Q. falcata var triloba; by Asa Gray to "near Q cinerea", by me to near Q. aquatica; but the large acorns distinguish it from all, especially the latter.

Inscription illegible!

Octob 1873

Reverchon has as (now) evanescent stellate pubescence
pilosules persistent
and may be correctly referred by him; Leaves
scarcely sinuate

Mueller says has no trace of pubescence
(except ax. Hairs to nerves in axils of veins)
and all the leaves are sinuate

May 1876 very large with yellow articulate hair densely covering both surfaces = Catesbaei!

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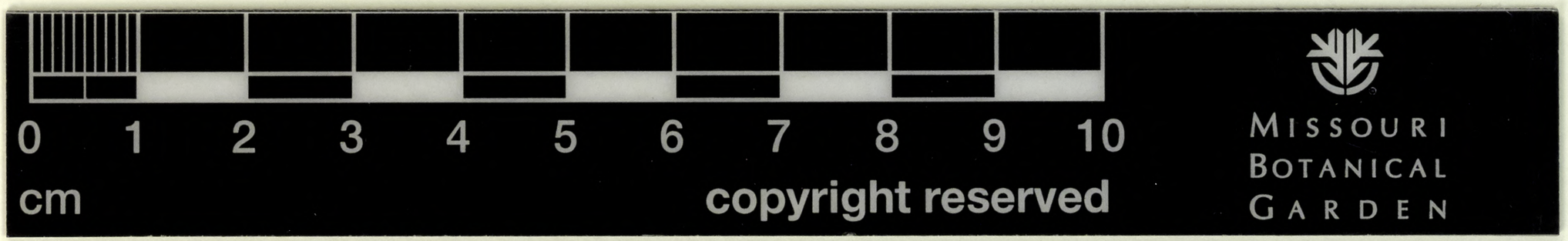
Dr J. A Mellichamp writes: Nov 1 1873 Q. sinuata Will?

This oak is the only tree of the kind I ever saw; I found it growing in a neighbor's yard in very sandy soil, thoroughly drained on a slight elevation its limbs touching Q. falcata, Q. Catesbæi and Q. virens. it is about 40 feet high.
its bark similar to that of falcata, but darker the seams or cracks not as deep. the inner bark is red like Q. Catesbæi, while falcata is yellowish I think.

Acorn larger than is falcata, tomentose like that, shell tomentum easily comes off; dark striped, like falcata [and ours imbricaria]
leaves pale green!
Bark & size of leaves & fruit I. strongly suggests it for aquatica

Q. laurifolia, Michx and aquatica run very nearly together
[and imbricaria]

over



OVV

G. virens has small fruit &c. & can have nothing to do with it

G. Cateshaei has two firm & deeply pinnatifid — Coled leaves

G. acuminata comes nearest,

G. falcata too woolly

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J.C. Kirkbride & Co.
2600 Olive St.
APOTHECARY ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dr. GEORGE ENGELMANN,
3003 LOCUST STREET.

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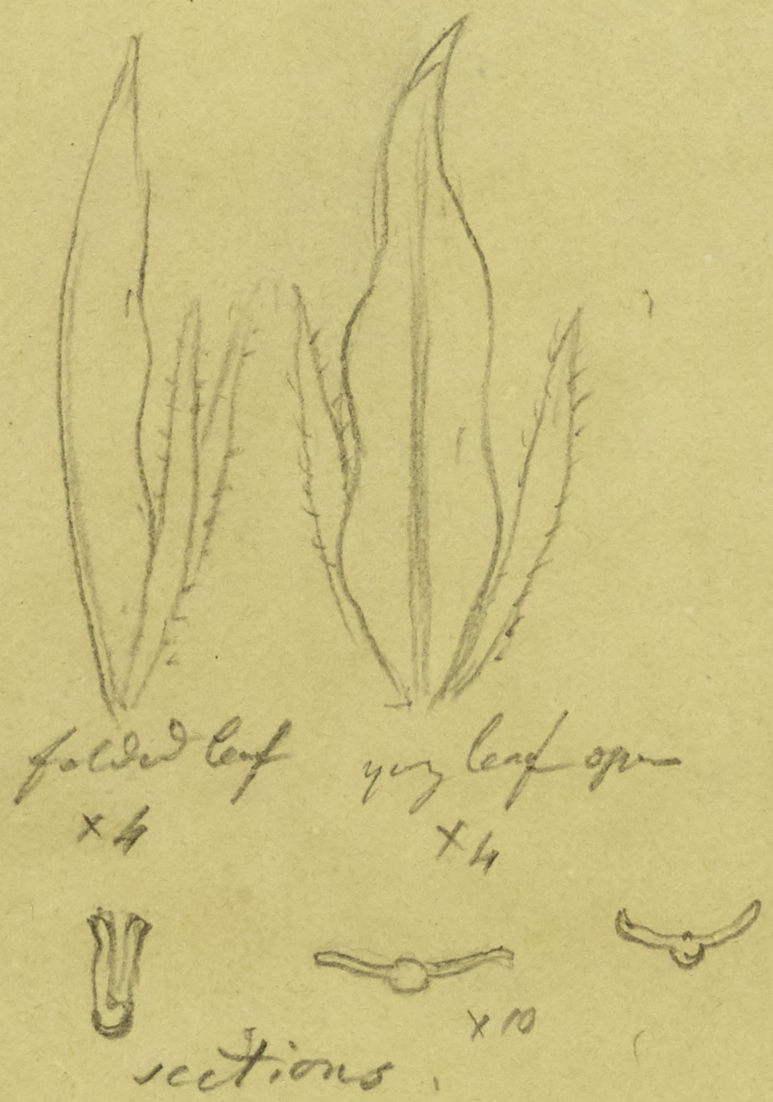
Quercus sinuata

May 15 1876

young shoots raised from Dr Mallochays
seeds by Dr. Meehan.

most of the leaves flat or slightly
concave, with the edges turned down
slightly
but 2 leaves in this shoot were folded

Leaves thick on both sides
more red or copper than leaves.
no articulate hairs - all stellate.



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Leitch & Corlies
DRUGGISTS
South West Corner Fifth and Market Streets.

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April 5 '77

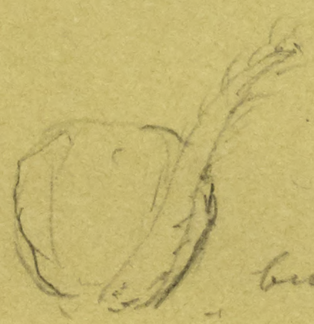
G. cinerea S. Carolina March 28

×10

pressed in cutting

diagram

both surfaces of leaf equally stellate pubes not glandular



bud fugacious linear anther 3 or 4

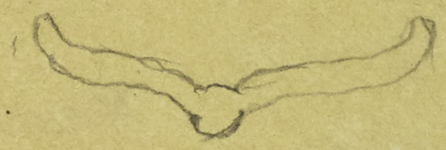
buds deep set

April 6 '77

G. parviflora

S. Carol. March 28

×10



leaves imbricate

upper and lower surface equally glandular both with few stellate hairs

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HENRY EHRHARDT,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,

No. 301 South Fifth Street, Cor. Myrtle, **ST. LOUIS.**

No. *Date* 187

℞

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The *Commercial*, Louisville, Ky., says of Bret Harte's new story: "If the promise of the opening chapters is fulfilled, it will be a worthy achievement of the highest powers indicated in those shorter stories which gave the author his first fame."

The *Courier*, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has secured a rare prize for the volume which its November number commences, in the new novel by Bret Harte."

AND CRIERS SENT OUT.
From Grandma's Nap, in St. Nicholas.]

The *Advertiser*, Boston, Mass., says of "Gabriel Conroy:" "These opening chapters are as graphic, picturesque and strange as anything Bret Harte has written, and it is plain that we are to have a novel distinctly original in incidents and characters, a story of life and circumstances almost unknown and unimagined by magazine readers. The hard brutal characters of some of the party are revealed by masterly touches, and contrast strongly with the refinement and tenderness of others."

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: "The November SCRIBNER'S contains the opening chapters of Bret Harte's new serial story, 'Gabriel Conroy,' a story that promises to exceed in picturesque interest any that this gifted American author has yet produced."

The *New Hampshire Sentinel*, Keene, N. H., says: "Bret Harte's new novel, 'Gabriel Conroy,' begins with magnificent strength, a strength peculiarly Mr. Harte's own, and as full and intense as any he has yet shown."

The *Evening News*, Detroit, Mich., says: "In SCRIBNER for November is begun a story by Bret Harte, which, if the initiatory chapters are an earnest of what is to follow, will be one of the best literary ventures in hand. The story opens with an intensely dramatic situation, and the best qualities of the author's genius observable in his shorter stories, are brought out with unusual strength and freedom."

The Cincinnati *Saturday Night* says: "No one can read the opening chapters of Bret Harte's new novel in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which describes the starving camp, without feeling hungry."

The *Traveller*, Boston, Mass., says: "If the story fulfills its promise, it will surpass all Mr. Harte's previous work."

The *Sunday Times*, New York, says of "Gabriel Conroy:" "Mr. Harte writes of the West, where he is at home in scene-painting and in sketching characters rough-hewn but striking; and the story promises a popularity worthy of an American novel written by an author who has earned fame by a success suddenly acquired, but fairly supported by every production he gives to the reading world."

The Boston *Commonwealth* says of "Gabriel Conroy:" "The story begins with a strength peculiarly Mr. Harte's own, and as full and intense as any he has yet shown."

The *Palladium*, New Haven, Conn., says of "Gabriel Conroy:" "It is a terrible picture—that of the starving camp—and the writer has drawn it with a master hand."

In an article under the title, "American Fiction," the Hartford *Courant* thus speaks of Bret Harte's novel, "Gabriel Conroy," just begun in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY: "It bids fair to be powerfully drawn, and full of those true touches of humanity which characterize its author. As the founder of a school of his own, Bret Harte has made a deep impression upon the country, and his new California novel will be sure to attract wide attention."

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* says: "SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, always a welcome visitor, is more than commonly so in the November number. The leading feature is the opening chapters of 'Gabriel Conroy,' a serial by Bret Harte, which already gives evidence of abundant pathos, over which Mr. Harte has shown a rare mastery."

The Pittsburgh *Chronicle* says of the opening chapters: "It is a wonderful picture, and the story with such a fascinating opening cannot fail of becoming one of the great novels of the year."

The *Methodist Recorder* says: "The opening chapters are vivid photographs of the Sierras in storm, weird, grand, even sublime. Having viewed that wild region in summer and in winter, we are somewhat prepared to utter an opinion on the subject; and we say, without hesitation, that nowhere have we read or seen, in painting or poem, anything to be compared with Bret Harte's portraiture of the Sierra Nevada mountains in winter. The first touch is masterly. The full revelation of the plot, character and soul of the story, cannot fail to be an event in American literature."

The *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican* says: "The picture is powerfully done. The illimitable snow is spread before you; you stop at the blazed pine and read the cry for help from the cañon; then a haggard, starving man hurries into the landscape, the more to impress the image of its desolation. The artistic preparation for the horrors of that brutalized camp in the cañon is perfect."

Commercial Bulletin, Boston, Mass., says: "If we may judge from this opening, the reading public are to be treated to a story of Western pioneer life that will stand alone and without peer."

The N. Y. *Times* says: "The first chapters are very powerful, and will excite interest in the public mind.

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1870, are the Swedes and the British Americans,—if, indeed, by that time, we have not gratified our national passion by annexing the New Dominion, making thus the Canadians not foreigners, but natives. Speaking broadly, the Swedes are all found west of Lake Michigan, in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The systematic efforts made to induce immigration from Sweden are not unlikely to yield considerable results in the immediate future. All the social and industrial conditions of the North-west are natural to this people, except only as being more favorable than their own at home. The British Americans, on the other hand, are substantially all east of Lake Michigan. They have overspread, more or less densely, the New England States, have colored deeply the northern borders of New York, and form an important element in the population of the peninsula of Michigan. In the latter State and in Maine the men of this nationality are lumbermen and raftsmen; in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, they are cotton spinners and shoemakers, forming, indeed, the bone and sinew of the redoubtable order of the Knights of St. Crispin. And, if ever our cooks get on a strike and go a parading the streets with bands and banners, breathing defiance to domestic tyranny, be sure it will be because the French Canadian women among them have formed the order of Ste. Coquula.

Of the natives of the Celestial Empire who cook and wash for our people, very few have yet ventured across the Rocky Mountains. Here and there at the East, an almond-eyed angel "stands and waits" in the house of a master who is considerably more than half afraid of him, with his cat-like step, his diabolical observances, his inscrutable countenance, and his well-known toxological accomplishments; but thus far, at least, the great domestic revolution which was heralded in the newspapers and magazines with so much noise five years ago, as about to follow the advent of the Children of the Sun, has, like many another announced revolution, failed to come off. Of the total number of 5,420 Chinese servants in the United States, 4,343 are yet to be found in California, 503 in Nevada, and 268 in Oregon.

Is the Chinaman to be the domestic servant of the future? Will another census show him stealthily supplanting the European in our households, and setting up his gods on the kitchen mantels of this Christian land? I stoutly believe not. The Chinese, whether miners or menials, are hardly more numerous in the United States than they were five years ago. "Forty centuries" have been too much for Mr. Koopmanschoop and his emigrant runners. Even when the Chinaman comes to the States, he leaves his wife and children behind him; he comes here with no thought of resting until he can rest at home; his supreme wish is ever to return to his native land, and if he be so unhappy as to die in exile, his bones at least must be borne back to sacred soil. Surely, a great element among us is not to be built up by immigration of this kind. Masses of foreign population thus unnaturally introduced into the body politic, must sooner or later disappear like the icebergs that drift upon the currents of our temperate seas, chilling the waters all around them, yet themselves slowly wasting away under the influence of sun and wind, having in themselves no source of supply, no spring of energy, no power of self-protection; helpless and inert amid hostile and active forces; their only part, endurance; their only possible end, extinction.

QUATRAINS.

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GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

I. WISDOM.

"Wisdom," quoth the sage,
"Cometh only with age."
"Fool!" quacked a goose,
"Then 'tis no use!"

II. HOMEOPATHY.

"If like cures like," quoth Bibulus athirst,
"Each second glass must surely cure the first."
Alas! he missed his count, and, sad to see,
The drinks came out uneven—so did he!

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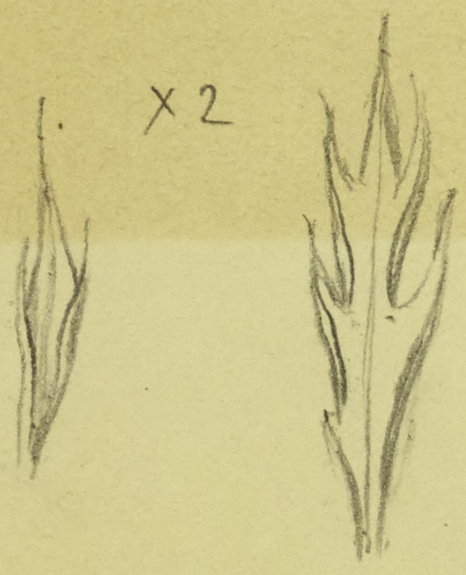
Quercus palustris – imbricaria
coll at St Meekans
from my St Louis Rds
May 7 1877

May 10 1877



Youngest
leaves slightly revolute
on edges

Young leaves
stellate on both sides
more on lower side
soon glabrate

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Leitch & Corlies

DRUGGISTS

South West Corner Fifth and Market Streets.

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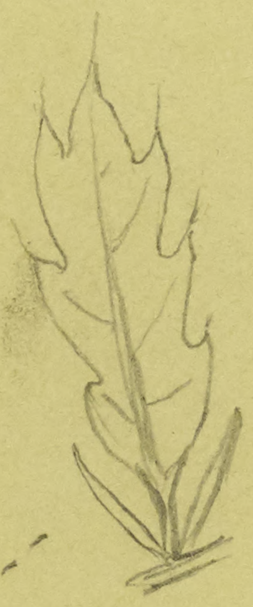
Quercus palustris (subspecies)
raised from my seeds 3 years ago
by Th. Meehan, Germantown, Pa

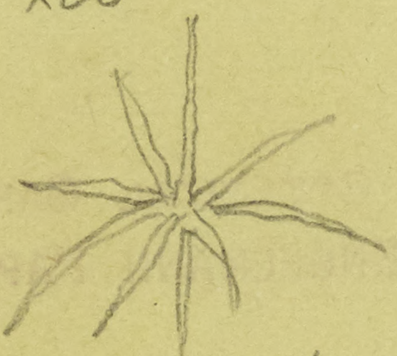
May 15 1876



×10

section of very young leaf

×60



stellate hair of upper side

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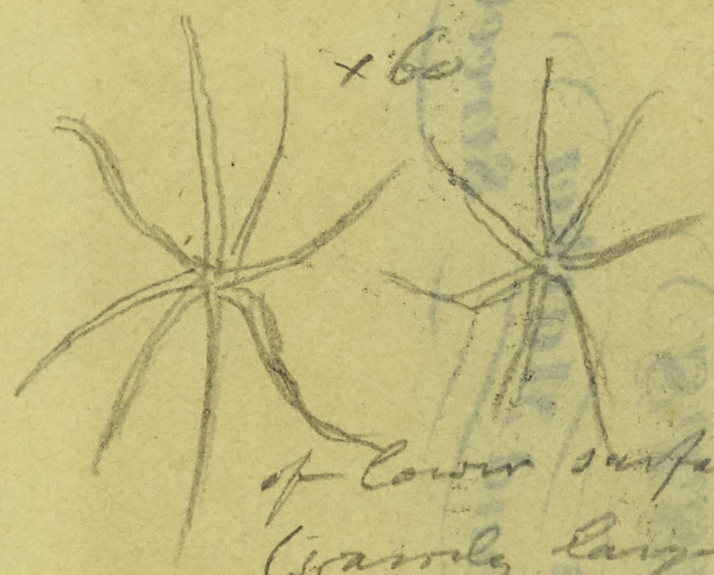

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GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

Leitch & Corlies
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
Southwest Corner Fifth and Market Streets.

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comes so near to being a eulogy, that it is at times a little difficult to see what more he would claim for Mohammedanism if he were writing as one of "the

their innumerable images, and in dirty streets and noisome alleys of the crowded city, it was an immense relief to come suddenly into the quiet and

Both the clipping, and the letter from Mr. Hall, which this wrapper contained, are in the envelope of "Oak clippings"—

hammedanism seems to have grown at the cost of his admiration for Christianity. We may admit the study of "comparative theology," and of "the science of religion" to be a legitimate scientific study; but when we are asked to concede the improbability "that Islam will ever give way to Christianity in the East, however much we may desire it, and whatever good would result to the world," or that Mohammedanism is "perhaps the nearest approach to Christianity which the unprogressive part of humanity can ever attain in masses,"—we are asked to leave out of sight, in our scientific study, an essential characteristic of Christianity. For, while it is, in its spirit, tolerant of other religions, and while its master claims to have "other sheep that are not of this fold,"—yet it promises to be the universal religion, and claims more, a great deal, for itself, than a primacy *inter pares*, or a restriction of itself to the "progressive part of humanity." Its

* Mohammed and Mohammedanism. By R. Bosworth Smith. New York: Harper & Brother.

GAUTIER had a captivating way of throwing himself into harmony with a new landscape, of getting from an old view new lights and tints. He was both poet and painter, and these two books on lands that lie at the two extremities of Europe, are models in the line of rapid, sketchy travel. They belong strictly to these modern times when the Correspondent flourishes, but their want of depth is made up by Gautier's sympathetic nature, his marvelous sensitiveness to color, and unequaled ability to flash picture after picture before the reader's eyes, all at their most favorable point of vantage. He never nods; all is brisk life, hurry, and joyousness. In the Russian book we get, in the midst of a long-sweeping sleigh journey over snowy steppes, a sudden photograph. It is only a beautiful young Jewess in rags in some squalid Polish town, but the hand that drew her was masterly in its own way, and the picture remains.

* A Winter in Russia. Translated by M. M. Ripley.—Constantinople. Translated by R. H. Gould from the French of Théophile Gautier. New York: H. Holt & Co.

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"Mohammed and Mohammedanism."*

AMONG the traditions of a New England college is one which may serve as a text wherewith to introduce our notice of this interesting volume. The story is to this effect. It was the custom of the college to require attendance at the religious services in its chapel, except in the case of students who had conscientious preferences for some other denomination than that to which the college church belonged. Such students were permitted to select some church of their own denomination, where they were expected regularly to attend. But, to the great perplexity of the college authorities, upon the entrance of a certain new class, one of its members avowed himself a Moslem; and, as the quiet college town, though abundantly supplied with churches of almost every Christian name, contained no mosque, the young man's religious privileges were seriously curtailed.

But, if Mr. Bosworth Smith had been a resident rector near the college, it would seem that the disciple of Mohammed might have attended on his ministry without just ground of complaint or fear of offended prejudices. For the estimate in which Mr. Smith holds the Arab prophet is so lofty, and his apology comes so near to being a eulogy, that it is at times a little difficult to see what more he would claim for Mohammedanism if he were writing as one of "the faithful," instead of as an unbeliever; and the noteworthy fact about it is that his enthusiasm seems spontaneous and disinterested. Apparently, it is not because he is a student of the Arabic literature in its original, nor because he has been an observer of practical Mohammedanism in lands where it has become a prevalent religious faith, that his estimate of it is so high; but rather, having taken up his subject as one likely to be interesting, and one to which there is a side which has been insufficiently heard by Christian audiences, he glows with the fervor of his advocacy, and his enthusiasm "grows by going." We are forced to the conviction that it has grown unduly. And, indeed (if it be not too severe a criticism), Mr. Smith's enthusiasm for Mohammedanism seems to have grown at the cost of his admiration for Christianity. We may admit the study of "comparative theology," and of "the science of religion" to be a legitimate scientific study; but when we are asked to concede the improbability "that Islam will ever give way to Christianity in the East, however much we may desire it, and whatever good would result to the world," or that Mohammedanism is "perhaps the nearest approach to Christianity which the unprogressive part of humanity can ever attain in masses,"—we are asked to leave out of sight, in our scientific study, an essential characteristic of Christianity. For, while it is, in its spirit, tolerant of other religions, and while its master claims to have "other sheep that are not of this fold,"—yet it promises to be the universal religion, and claims more, a great deal, for itself, than a primacy *inter pares*, or a restriction of itself to the "progressive part of humanity." Its divinity is largely proved by its fitness to succeed, and by its actual successes, among all nations and kindreds and tongues. And it is a strange misconception of its genius and spirit to suppose that such a compromise or such a partnership as Mr. Smith suggests is for a moment possible to it.

Moreover, Mr. Smith is not fortunate in his assertions concerning the excellencies of Mohammedanism in practice. He has to resort, for example, to some special pleading, in an appendix, to defend Mohammedanism in Africa against the damaging testimony of Dr. Livingstone. Since then we have had Livingstone's "Last Journals," in which is additional testimony more serious and damaging than ever. It is hard to put confidence in his assertions of fact which have no personal observation to justify them, and which, in some instances, require special explanation, and some fervor of advocacy, to make them seem to stand.

And yet there is something to be said on Mr. Smith's side. It happened years ago to the writer of this criticism to come upon a Mohammedan mosque in the remote Chinese city of Foo-chow. After a day spent among Buddhist temples, with their innumerable images, and in dirty streets and noisome alleys of the crowded city, it was an immense relief to come suddenly into the quiet and cleanliness of this mosque. There were no images; there was (comparatively) no dirt. The legends written on the walls spoke of the Unity of God. The calm and dignified old Tartar in charge of the place, recognizing us as Christians, claimed fellowship with us, as, in a sense, co-religionists. Nor were we any way unwilling to admit the claim and to reciprocate the fellowship. It was a purer spiritual atmosphere to breathe than that of polytheism.

Mr. Smith's book is very readable; and the Messrs. Harper have greatly added to the value of it by giving in an appendix Mr. Emanuel Deutsch's famous "Quarterly Review" article on Islam.

* Mohammed and Mohammedanism. By R. Bosworth Smith. New York: Harper & Brother.

Gautier's Travels.*

GAUTIER had a captivating way of throwing himself into harmony with a new landscape, of getting from an old view new lights and tints. He was both poet and painter, and these two books on lands that lie at the two extremities of Europe, are models in the line of rapid, sketchy travel. They belong strictly to these modern times when the Correspondent flourishes, but their want of depth is made up by Gautier's sympathetic nature, his marvelous sensitiveness to color, and unequaled ability to flash picture after picture before the reader's eyes, all at their most favorable point of vantage. He never nods; all is brisk life, hurry, and joyousness. In the Russian book we get, in the midst of a long-sweeping sleigh journey over snowy steppes, a sudden photograph. It is only a beautiful young Jewess in rags in some squalid Polish town, but the hand that drew her was masterly in its own way, and the picture remains.

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Nadal's "Impressions of London Social Life."*

THE leading sketches in this volume won recognition upon their first appearance in the magazines, not only for the correctness of their descriptions, but because they showed the touch of a new hand in our literature. In their present form, the reader will, we think, be more than ever impressed by the qualities which first attracted him.

If we should say that Mr. Nadal's book bore the same relation to Emerson's "English Traits" that the study of the landscape gardening of England bears to the study of its geology, we should give, doubtless, a false idea of Mr. Nadal's book, which, while dealing in a discursive and very amusing manner with the surface of things, does not fail also to go occasionally to the very foundations. If in one chapter we are treated to a most graphic and entertaining account of the Dancing School in Tavistock Square, in others we find some of the most profound observations upon English life and character which have been made by any American.

In Hawthorne's "Our Old Home" we are aware of a subtile (and not unnatural) assumption of spiritual superiority—a tone which was doubtless aggravated by the peculiar state of the author's mind—the bitter melancholy of a high and tender nature—at the time (during the war) when the book was in the making. The present author does not betray a tone like this, but certainly he does not seem to be troubled by any painful sense of inferiority in the presence of the mighty and the immemorial. There is no assurance; but, also, there is nothing that can disturb the writer's critical temper. On the other hand, whatever faults of style or treatment one might detect, it would be easy to refer to a literary modesty which prevents a proper self-appreciation. We sometimes feel that our author has not made the most of his sentence; sometimes that he has not done justice to himself in the treatment of his subject.

We speak of the new touch that is recognizable in Mr. Nadal's writings. If we say that he reminds us of Charles Lamb, or of Thackeray, we only mean that here is a writer, altogether original, who has a charm of style, not borrowed from those masters, but legitimately inherited. He has, too, an *esprit* which will suggest the French, and is fortunate in having escaped influences which have given to some of our younger writers a self-conscious, microscopic habit, of whose hinderance they must themselves be sometimes keenly aware. And yet the self-consciousness of the book is one of its charms. There is a naïveté which is not the original, genuine article; nor is it, on the other hand, a matter of affectation. It is this literary naïveté which our author so skillfully makes use of. Take, for instance, this from the chapter on "Childhood and English Tradition:" "How ready is an American to greet in England any realization of these dreams of his childhood! With what pleased recognition does he exclaim: 'Oh, this is you!' and 'I have heard of you before.' I once went upon a visit to a friend of mine, who was an officer in a yeomanry regiment, at that time mustering in a town in one of the western shires of England. The colonel, to whom I was introduced, had been a younger son, had gone into the army, and been to India. But he had come into his property, and was now a country squire, with a large family and handsome fortune. I at once recognized the kind of man. They said he had eleven daughters. (What a fine old English sound they have!) During the mess dinner the regimental band played from a hall adjoining. The colonel, who had put me next him, said, 'I wanted to see if the band could play "Yankee Doodle," but I find they don't know it.' 'How good of you!' I exclaimed, deprecating the mention of such a distinction. 'Yes, yes,' he answered, with the determined manner of one who, though now an old rustic, perhaps, had yet, in his youth, seen something of the world, and knew how things should be done, 'I believe in every honor for the diplomatists.' As I sat there listening to his honest talk, my mood grew strangely friendly. 'Should war's dread blast against them blow,' I felt that I wished to be ranged on the side of the kind colonel and his eleven daughters."

The British swell is analyzed in these pages with great cleverness. "When in England," the author writes, "I saw that a swell, so soon as he perceives that his distinctions do not pay, relinquishes them. It will be seen that these distinctions appeal for admiration to persons in a certain middle condition of education. Those who appreciate such graces to the full must be somewhat civilized, and yet somewhat immature. A degree of impressibility in the men who look on is the condition of the exercise of the swell's talent. What sort of impression would *insouciance* make upon a hungry tiger? Nor would it impress an educated and acute man who insists upon submitting reverie to the test of definition and criticism. It is to the shop-boy, and the writer for the spring annual, that such graces appeal."

Americans who suffer severely from the effect of these graces when brought to bear upon themselves, and who find a sweet solace in the critical pages of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell, will delight in many such wittily philosophical passages as the above; but they will, too, find some bitter in their cup of rejoicing, for the author does not spare American any more than English character. The word bitter is, however, not well chosen, for we fail to find bitterness here. The criticism throughout is good-natured, though penetrating, and the author purposely refrains from writing about the disagreeable people whom he had the misfortune to meet.

Perhaps the most timely word in Mr. Nadal's book is his view of "English and American Newspaper-Writing." We think that newspaper men of the more intelligent class will read this paper with interest, and be glad to give its statements currency. It is the faith of many newspapers, he says, that the people do not like sense and information; that they prefer nonsense or commonplace which has the appearance of originality. Our author thinks, on the contrary,

*Impressions of London Social Life, with Other Papers suggested by an English Residence. By E. S. Nadal. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

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